

O thou whose wounds become hard fauoured death,
Speake to thy father, ere thou yeeld thy breath,
Braue death by speaking, whether he will or no:
Imagine him a Frenchman, and thy Foe.
Poore Boy, he smiles, me thinkes, as who should say,
Had Death bene French, then Death had dyed to day.
Come, come, and lay him in his Fathers armes,
My spirit can no longer beare these harmes.
Souldiers adieu: I haue what I would haue,
Now my old armes are yong *John Talbots* graue. *Dyes*

*Enter Charles, Alanfon, Burgundie, Bastard,
and Pucell.*

Char. Had Yorke and Somerset brought rescue in,
We should haue found a bloody day of this.

Bast. How the yong whelpes of *Talbots* raging wood,
Did flesh his punie sword in Frenchmens blood.

Puc. Once I encountred him, and thus I said:
Thou Maiden youth, be vanquish't by a Maide.
But with a proud Maiesticall high scorne
He answer'd thus: Yong *Talbot* was not borne
To be the pillage of a Gygler Wench:
So rushing in the bowels of the French,
He left me proudly, as vnworthy fight.

Bur. Doubtlesse he would haue made a noble Knight:
See where he lyes inhered in the armes
Of the most bloody Nurser of his harmes.

Bast. Hew them to peeces, back their bones assunder,
Whose life was Englands glory, Gallia's wonder.

Char. Oh no forbear: For that which we haue fled
During the life, let vs not wrong it dead.

Enter Lucie.

Lu. Herald, conduct me to the Dolphins Tent,
To know who hath obtain'd the glory of the day.

Char. On what submissiue message art thou sent?

Lucy. Submission Dolphin? 'Tis a meere French word:
We English Warriours wot not what it meanes.
I come to know what Prisoners thou hast tane,
And to suruey the bodies of the dead.

Char. For prisoners askst thou? Hell our prison is,
But tell me whom thou seek'st?

Luc. But where's the great Alcides of the field,
Valiant Lord *Talbot* Earle of Shrewsbury?
Created for his rare successe in Armes,
Great Earle of *Walsford*, *Waterford*, and *Valence*,
Lord *Talbot* of *Goodric* and *Verchinfeld*,
Lord *Strange* of *Blackmere*, Lord *Ferdon* of *Alton*,
Lord *Cromwell* of *Wingefield*, Lord *Furnival* of *Sheffeld*,
The thrice victorious Lord of *Falconbridge*,
Knight of the Noble Order of *S. George*,
Worthy *S. Michael*, and the *Golden Fleece*,
Great Marshall to *Henry* the sixt,
Of all his Warres within the Realme of France.

Puc. Heere's a filly stately stile indeede:
The Turke that two and fiftie Kingdomes hath,
Writes not so tedious a stile as this.

Him that thou magnifi'st with all these Titles,
Stinking and fly-blowne lyes heere at our feete.

Lucy. Is *Talbot* slaine, the Frenchmens only Scourge,
Your Kingdomes terror, and blacke *Nemesis*?
Oh were mine eye-balles into Bullets turn'd,
That I in rage might shoot them at your faces,
That I could but call these dead to life,
It were enough to fright the Realme of France.
Were but his Picture left amongst you here,

It would amaze the proudest of you all.

Giue me their Bodies, that I may beare them hence,
And giue them Buriall, as befeemes their worth.

Pucel. I thinke this vpstart is old *Talbots* Ghost,
He speakes with such a proud commanding spirit:
For Gods sake let him haue him, to keepe them here,
They would but stinke, and putrifie the ayre.

Char. Go take their bodies hence.

Lucy. He beare them hence: but from their ashes shall
be reard

A Phoenix that shall make all France affear'd.

Char. So we be rid of them, do with him what thy wilt.
And now to Paris in this conquering vaine,
All will be ours, now bloody *Talbots* slaine. *Exit.*

Scena secunda.

SENNET.

Enter King, Gloucester, and Exeter.

King. Haue you perus'd the Letters from the Pope,
The Emperor, and the Earle of Arminack?

Glo. I haue my Lord, and their intent is this,
They humbly sue vnto your Excellence,
To haue a godly peace concluded of,
Betweene the Realmes of England, and of France.

King. How doth your Grace affect their motion?
Glo. Well (my good Lord) and as the only meanes
To stop effusion of our Christian blood,
And stablish quietnesse on euery side.

King. I marry Vnckle, for I alwayes thought
It was both impious and vnnaturall,

That such immanity and bloody strife
Should reigne among Professors of one Faith.

Glo. Beside my Lord, the sooner to effect,
And surer binde this knot of amitie,

The Earle of Arminack neere knit to *Charles*,
A man of great Authoritie in France,

Proffers his onely daughter to your Grace,
In marriage, with a large and sumptuous Dowrie.

King. Marriage Vnckle? Alas my yeares are yong:
And sifter is my studie, and my Bookes,

Than wanton dalliance with a Paramour.
Yet call th' Ambassadors, and as you please,

So let them haue their answers euery one:
I shall be well content with any choyce

Tends to Gods glory, and my Countries weale.

Enter Winchester, and three Ambassadors.

Exet. What, is my Lord of *Winchester* install'd,
And call'd vnto a Cardinal's degree?

Then I perceiue, that will be verified
Henry the Fifth did sometime prophesie,

If once he come to be a Cardinall,
Hee'l make his cap coequall with the Crowne.

King. My Lords Ambassadors, your seuerall suites
Haue bin consider'd and debated on,

Your purpose is both good and reasonable:
And therefore are we certainly resolu'd,

To draw conditions of a friendly peace,

Which

Which by my Lord of *Winchester* we meane
shall be transported presently to France.

Glo. And for the proffer of my Lord your Master,
I haue inform'd his Highnesse so at large,

As liking of the Ladies vertuous gifts,
Her Beauty, and the valew of her Dowry,

He doth intend she shall be Englands Queene.
King. In argument and prooffe of which contract,

Beare her this Iewell, pledge of my affection,
And to my Lord Protector see them guarded,

And safely brought to *Douer*, wherein ship'd
Commit them to the fortune of the sea. *Exeunt.*

Win. Stay my Lord Legate, you shall first receiue
The summe of money which I promised

Should be deliuered to his Holinesse,
For cloathing me in these grane Ornaments.

Legat. I will attend vpon your Lordships leysure.
Win. Now *Winchester* will not submit, I trow,

Or be inferiour to the proudest Peere;
Humfrey of *Gloster*, thou shalt well perceiue,

That neither in birth, or for authoritie,
The Bishop will be ouer-borne by thee:

He either make thee stoope, and bend thy knee,
Or lacke this Country with a mutiny. *Exeunt.*

Scena Tertia.

*Enter Charles, Burgundy, Alanfon, Bastard,
Reignier, and Ione.*

Char. These newes (my Lords) may cheere our droo-
ping spirits:

'Tis said, the stout Parisians do reuolt,
And turne againe vnto the warlike French.

Alan. Then march to Paris Royall *Charles* of France,
And keepe not backe your powers in dalliance.

Pucel. Peace be amongst them if they turne to vs,
Else ruine combat with their Pallaces.

Enter Scout.

Scout. Successe vnto our valiant Generall,
And happinesse to his accomplices.

Char. What tidings send our Scouts? I prethee speak.
Scout. The English Army that diuided was

Into two parties, is now conioyn'd in one,
And meanes to giue you battell presently.

Char. Somewhat too sodaine Sirs, the warning is,
But we will presently prouide for them.

Bur. I trust the Ghost of *Talbot* is not there:
Now he is gone my Lord, you neede not feare.

Pucel. Of all base passions, Feare is most accurst.
Command the Conquest *Charles*, it shall be thine:

Let *Henry* fret, and all the world repine.

Char. Then on my Lords, and France be fortunate.
Exeunt. Alarum. Excursions.

Enter Ione de Pucell.

Puc. The Regent conquers, and the Frenchmen flye.
Now helpe ye charming Spelles and Periapts,

And ye choise spirits that admonish me,
And giue meignes of future accidents.

You speedy helpers, that are substitutes

Thunder.

Vnder the Lord
Appeare, and a

This speedy and
Of your accusto
Now ye Famili
Out of the pow
Helpe me this c

Oh hold me not
Where I was w
He lop a membe
In earnest of a f
So you do cond

No hope to hau
Pay recompenc

Cannot my bod
Intreate you to
Then take my s
Before that Eng

See, they forsak
That France mu
And let her head
My ancient Inc
And hell too str
Now France, th

Excursions

Yorke. Dami
Vnchaine your
And try if they
A goodly prize.

See how the vgl
As if with *Circe*

Puc. Chang
Yor. Oh, *Ch*

No shape but h
Puc. A plag

And may ye bo
By bloody han

Yorke. Fell l
ton

Puc. I preth
Yorke. Curf

Alan

Suff. Be wh

Oh Fairest Bea
For I will touc

I kisse these fin
And lay them g

Who art thou,
Mar. Ma

The King of N

Suff. An Ea

Be not offende

Thou art alott

So doth the Sw